

March 17, 1898. - 57c. - ~~18.75~~ De La Mare.

*Woman's Board of Home Missions of the
Presbyterian Church.*



THE
GENERAL
FUND.



156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

The General Fund.

Special objects have a definiteness which is peculiarly attractive to most societies, as well as to individuals. Letters from a missionary teacher or a pupil of whom one can speak as "ours," buildings which "we" erected, have special fascinations; but it must be remembered that not all the expenses incurred by the Woman's Board of Home Missions can be met in this way, and that a General Fund, for disbursement according to the needs of the fields, and the demands of the times, is an absolute necessity.

This General Fund is used for the payment of salaries of teachers not otherwise provided for; for the support of the schools; to pay for text books and all appliances, and for the support of such promising, worthy and needy pupils as are not paid for by scholarships. There must also be included what may be known as emergency expenses, such as doctors' bills, these not being covered by the amount of a scholarship. The General Fund also covers the traveling expenses of teachers to and from the fields, the general rule

being that all traveling expenses of teachers to their fields are paid upon appointment, with the understanding that the amount is to be refunded if they leave their fields within three years, but that return expenses are to be paid if they remain for five years.

In addition to this, the General Fund must provide all office salaries and all expenses of administration, all printing of leaflets and stationery, postage, express, etc. That all of these have been reduced to a minimum may be easily recognized when it is known that less than five per cent. of the entire amount contributed to the Woman's Board is used for all office and field expenses.

It often happens that money sent unhampered can be used to better advantage, distributed with greater justice, and made to meet more pressing demands than when designated for an especial object. And it is quite as often the case that a Society can mark its own upward growth in true interest in, and love for, the work by its willingness to put aside special objects and give to a General Fund. The work is all one, whether the teacher or pupil be in Alaska, Utah, New Mexico, North Carolina or Indian Territory.

Dorothy did not read any more. She said her prayers, as usual, but she did not feel very happy. She did not know that she was at a point where two ways met, and that this was her first great choice.

At morning prayers her father read the words, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Feed my lambs." Again the voice of Jesus reached the child's heart; and this time love conquered. Her whole soul cried out, "Yes, yes, I do love Him. I will, I will feed His lambs." And in that moment she offered all she had to Christ. It was the turning point in her young life.

"Grandmother," she whispered, "I have given away my dollar; don't tell—it is a secret." The old lady looked surprised. "What, not got the work-box?" she said. But she saw a light in the child's face, and as the tears sprang to her bright eyes, she said, "God bless you, child," and understood it all.

So this was the reason that Dorothy came into church with a beaming face and felt that she knew what "the secret of the Lord" meant in her happy heart.

C. L. B.

March 18, 1898. - 37c - #10.75 - Evangelist.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT
OF THE

Woman's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church,
No. 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

DOROTHY'S SECRET.

"THE secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant."

The minister in the pulpit read these words with a clear voice, and Dorothy in her pew looked at him with an eager gaze, and felt that the words were addressed directly to her; for she had come into church that morning with a secret in her heart, and she felt instantly that it was the secret of the Lord.

Yes, Dorothy had a secret, even from her mamma and Aunt Agnes, and I must tell you how it came about. Two weeks ago, on her birthday, her grandmother had given her a crisp new dollar bill, and Dorothy had put it away in a little box, and then had spent many happy moments in thinking what she would do with it. What was there in all the world that she wanted the most that a dollar would buy? Was it a new suit of clothes for her largest doll, or a work-box, or a portfolio? Any one of these things she thought

would make her perfectly happy. She kissed the sweet, gentle grandmother again and again, and assured her that she would much rather have the money than anything because it was such fun to choose for herself. She had almost decided on a work-box, when the day arrived for the meeting of the Children's Mission Band. At the meeting a story was read, called "Cindy's Chance," which told of a poor girl in the mountains of Tennessee, and how intensely she longed for a chance to go to school; how impossible it was for her to get the money for it, and how, even when she made her way to the school, there was scarcely room to receive her.

"Would you not like, dear children," said the leader of the meeting, "to educate one of these girls so that she could be a bright and shining light in the darkness around her? We should have to work hard in order to do it. Each of us would have to give a dollar, which I know is more than you have ever given, and remember, it must be your own money; it must be through your own self-denial that it is done."

Dorothy's thoughts flew to the dollar bill, safe in the little box in her drawer. Could she give it for this object, and sacrifice the pretty work-box? She thought not; but at that moment the meeting ended, and in the greetings of the children, and the pleasant walk home, the subject was postponed.

The next morning, however, as soon as she opened her bureau drawer, her eyes fell upon the little box. She unfolded the dollar bill. Could she part with it?

She was almost angry with the teacher for asking the children each to give a dollar. It was a severe test for this little maiden of ten years. Dollar bills did not grow on every bush for her. In fact, she had never had one before, all her own, at any one time. Perhaps you have had *many* of them; to you, then, it would have been easy to give. And yet is it any more easy to those who have much? No; for when Dorothy thought of the one work-box she wanted you would doubtless have twenty beautiful objects that you were sure you could not do without, and so it would have been just as hard for you to give out of your five or ten dollars as for her to part with her sole treasure.

Putting away the money, Dorothy took her Testament to read her morning verses. She was reading Matthew in course, and the very first verse, as she opened to the chapter for the day, was this, "One thing thou lackest; sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come, follow me."

The words seemed to hurt Dorothy. She was a christian child; she loved and followed Christ in her simple way; this was the first sacrifice she had been called to make. She was not conscious that she was selfish; but in fact, she hoarded up everything she had, and had never been known to give anything away. No one blamed her for this; on the contrary, people said, "How careful Dorothy is of her things! how nicely she keeps them!" And she had rather plumed herself upon being better in this respect than her sister, who was very generous, but somewhat careless.

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My Experience, or Why I Tithe My Income.

BY FRANCES E. TOWNSLEY.

National Evangelist of the W. C. T. U. and Assistant
Superintendent of Proportionate and Sys-
tematic Giving Department.

Shall I tell *you*? Well, I began when young, on this wise. I read an article on the subject of Benevolence that deeply impressed me with a sense of my duty and privilege in the use of money. I was a poor girl in Wheaton College, earning my way through school, in part, and borrowing a little to help me on, when necessary. When a good cause was presented at church, if I had a few pennies they went into the offering basket. Otherwise I felt justified in not giving what I didn't have. When I did give a few cents I often grudged them (mind you, I am going to tell you an *honest* tale) and gener-

ally put my contribution in because of the looks of the thing. Wasn't I a church member? A leader of the girl's prayer circle? A testifier in the student's prayer meetings? I really *had* to put in something on the occasion referred to, for the sake of decency?

But when the truth that "the tithe is *the Lord's*" came to my soul, I yielded intellectually and spiritually to the logic of the Bible teaching, and informed my blessed Christian room-mate of my new-born purpose. Now Mary, was my mentor, my ideal of a conscientious young woman, and *she* wasn't rich, either. Didn't we wash dishes and mix bread dough, for part of our board expenses at the club table?

Mary looked a little sober, and said, "Well, Fannie, I won't stand in your way, but, dear, you have no health, no means, and are not likely to have *much to tithe*. Be sure you're right, then go ahead." I was pretty sure, so I said: "Here's my earthly all at the present hour, my dearie; twenty-five cents. I'll begin on *that*."

income. But, after deducting my traveling expenses, which I found it necessary to do, I have for 21 years tithed *all* the remainder of my earnings. Having been homeless I have paid board bills when resting, pretty generally. Having never seen a well day till the past summer, during which I have trusted and been healed, my rests have been frequent and expensive. But I have been able to keep girls and boys in school, to give to foreign and home missions, and the loved W. C. T. U. work, to many poor and needy individuals, and always without the resistance and sense of unwillingness once felt. In truth, when a Nebraska fellow-worker found by some accident that I had no income beyond that of my gospel labors, she cried, "Why, my sister! the general impression in the state is that you are wealthy!" "Why?" I asked. "Because, you seem to have something to give, on most occasions, and do it without hesitancy."

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Not to be stingy with my Lord Box I'll call this tenth three whole cents. Here's an old pocket-book to hold it. I've launched forth on the sea of my newly discovered duty. So here goes?"

The next day (Sabbath) I heard a call for a State Missionary contribution. It was humiliating to put in but three cents. But in they went, and with more prayer than ever the mission cause had gotten from my young heart before.

I earned but a very little money each week, and tithing it did seem a little of a trial for a time, but I prayed earnestly for the approval of the Master, and the visible assurance of it among my mates, for the honor of His truth.

One day things looked very serious, financially, and Mary said: "Are you sure, dear, that you ought to have given that last offering?" Now, Mary was generous indeed, but was deeply concerned for my prosperity. I went down on my knees for a few minutes, and then hurried to the post office. There I found a letter from an old friend of my mother's

in Boston, saying she had often wondered how I was getting on, and had been led to enclose a check for \$25, to help me in my schooling. How I praised the Father of the fatherless! Stopping at the store I tithed the gift in the purchase of an article Mary very much needed, as my *visible proof* that the Lord meant me to tithe. She tearfully rejoiced with me and ever after encouraged me in all true and holy plans for my Lord's Box.

The next fall term brought me a letter from a distant well-read relative, who said: "If you will write a magazine article for my criticism, I'll reward you." I did so. It had the criticism it evidently needed, but with that, came a fifty dollar check toward my education. This gift was repeated twice, later. Do you wonder that when I taught school my salary was tithed? Or, is it strange that when I became a gospel evangelist, before I was twenty-four years old, I continued to tithe my income? As I have prayerfully avoided all money raising schemes in my work, I have had a comparatively small

income. But, after deducting my traveling expenses, which I found it necessary to do, I have for 21 years tithed *all* the remainder of my earnings. Having been homeless I have paid board bills when resting, pretty generally. Having never seen a well day till the past summer, during which I have trusted and been healed, my rests have been frequent and expensive. But I have been able to keep girls and boys in school, to give to foreign and home missions, and the loved W. C. T. U. work, to many poor and needy individuals, and always without the resistance and sense of unwillingness once felt. In truth, when a Nebraska fellow-worker found by some accident that I had no income beyond that of my gospel labors, she cried, "Why, my sister! the general impression in the state is that you are wealthy!" "Why?" I asked. "Because, you seem to have something to give, on most occasions, and do it without hesitancy."

When I told her a few items in my history, and some of the absolutely hard

places I had been through, of my frequent prayer of faith for daily bread and means to meet my great expenses, she asked if I had ever regretted my tithing plan. "No," I answered, "for the tithe is *the Lord's*. It is not my own. If I obey and give back that to Him (at least the tenth—tho' I often add free will offerings), He has promised to see that I do not suffer need. I am a stockholder, you see, in so many Christian enterprises, that I am really rich?"

Do you not see, friends, by tithing, a woman who sells 10 cents worth of eggs has one cent for her Lord's Box; or if she sells 50 cents worth of butter she has 5 cents for her Box? Or if she takes a few boarders she can tithe their board money after deducting a part for actual cost of her investments, though many claim to be more blessed by not deducting from their gross money receipts. Every one as he or she *purposeth in the heart*. It must be a *heart* matter. And, oh, there's such a joy in tithing?

Many women have no money of their

own, taking for their personal expenses whatever their husbands give (?) them.

Really, I imagine "the men folks" would enjoy a new departure in the matter of dividing with their wives the income of farm, or shop, or office. For a house-keeper's rights, rather a home-maker's rights, are in a measure *financial*. These men do not mean to be narrow or unjust. They simply haven't been *stirred up* about it.

Sisters, gently, sweetly, but positively, rise up and stir! Remember, every member of the household has an individual heart to yield to Christ, an individual church-membership—if any at all—an individual responsibility and privilege, and ought to have—be it ever so tiny—an individual purse for income and gifts received. Only by being just to ourselves can we be truly just to Him who bought us at so great a price.

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